And ſend out a Purſeuant for his maſter ſtraight,
Weele heere more of this thing before the King.

Exit with the Armorers man.

Now Sir, what's yours? Let me ſee it,
What's heere?
A complaint againſt the Duke of Suffolke, for encloſing the commons of long Melford.
How now ſir knaue.

1. *Petit.* I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, I am but a Meſſenger for the whole towne-ſhip.

He teares the Papers.

Suffolke. So now ſhew your petitions to Duke *Humfrey*,
Villaines get you gone, and come not neere the Court,
Dare theſe peſants write againſt me thus?

Exit Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke you may ſee by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughty Duke,
That ſeekes to him more then to King *Henry*:
Whoſe eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,
And nere regards the honor of his name,
But ſtill muſt be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That ſcarſe will mooue his cap to ſpeake to vs,
And his proud wife, high-minded *Elanor*,
That ruffles it with ſuch a troope of Ladies,
As ſtrangers in the Court take her for Queene:
She beares a Dukes whole reuennewes on her backe,
The other day ſhe vanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worſt gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers landes.
Can any greeſe of minde belike to this?
I tell thee *Pole*, when thou didſt run at Tilt,
And ſtolſt away our Ladies hearts in France,
I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,
Or elſe thou hadſt not brought me out of France.
Suff. Madam, content your ſelfe a little while,
As I was cauſe of your comming into England,

So will I in England worke your full content:
And as for proud Duke *Humfrey* and his wife,
I haue ſet lime-twigs that will entangle them,
As that your Grace ere long ſhall vnderſtand.
But ſtay Madame, heere comes the King.

Enter King Henrie, and the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Sommerſet on both ſides of the King, whiſpering with him: Then entereth Duke Humphrey, Dame Elanor, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earle of Salisbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of Wincheſter.

King. My Lords I care not who be Regent in *France*, or *Yorke* or *Somerſet*, all's one to me.
Yorke. My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himſelfe,
Ler *Somerſet* enioy his place, and go to Fraunce.
Som. Then whom your grace thinkes worthy, let him goe,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.
Warwicke. Whomſoeuer you account worthy,
Yorke is the worthieſt.
Card. Peace *Warwicke*, giue thy betters leaue to ſpeake.
War. The Cardnal's not my better in the fielde.
Buck. All in this place are thy betters farre.
War. And *Warwicke* may liue to be beſt of all.
Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it were beſt that *Somerſet* were Regent ouer France.
Hum. Madame, our King is olde enough himſelfe,
To giue his anſwer without your conſent.
Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector ouer him ſo long.
Hum. Madam, I am but Protector ore the Land,
And when it pleaſe his Grace, I will reſigne my charge.
Suffolke. Reſigne it then, for ſince thou waſt a King
(As who is King but thee:) the common ſtate
Doth as we ſee, all wholly go to wracke,
And Millions of treaſure hath beene ſpent.
And as for the Regentſhip of France,